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TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

CLEANLINESS, AIR, EXERCISE, AND DIET.

No. V.

(Concluded.)

It has been said that all our troubles are principally owing to our plan of diet; that the skilful cook is the great enemy of civil man. Now, there are some nations who thrive on food that would be poison to a sedentary citizen; but such people take plenty of exercise, and drink fresh air in plenty. Sir John Malcolm in his first visit to Persia, met with a man who was in the constant habit of taking opium, and Sir John predicted for him a shortened life. On his second visit, his opium-eating friend galloped up to him as lively as ever, reminding him of his false prophecy. The poison-eater was an eager horseman; and his creed answers for its professors being zealous bathers. Yet we must not suppose his health in the fine condition it would have been, had he refrained from indulging himself with the poison. No doubt he paid for the gratification by a diminished vigor, and a shortened life.

But here in London we are not content with one indulgence at a time. We boast of the high tone of our morals,—that is to say, our rule of manners or conduct,—which, according to the self-rewarding powers of virtue, should render us equally exalted in our physical and mental condition. How do we find ourselves? Although of a decent stature, with a naturally strong constitution, we show a curious assemblage of diseases and malformations, of distortions and afflictions, of mean spirits, cowardly or bad-tempered, or both, melancholy, hopeless, wanting in faith, exacting, denying, unenjoying, unjoy-giving—miserable alike in acceptances and gifts; confounding vice and pleasure; and so condemning the one, and unable to refrain from the other.

Let us catch a pair of passing cockneys, and make mirrors of them; a thin, and a fat one, to suit both sorts. See what a face this one has:—his brows are contracted, his wrinkled forehead is dry and hard; over it is the parched thatch of grizzled hair; under his scrawny eyebrows glistens an eye of steel, hard, piercing, and unmeaning; searching, but not expressive; it is never at rest within its leathern case of eyelids. The nose is bony, narrow, drawn up at the corners, for ever conscious of a smelt-out rat. The mouth, pinched into convergent wrinkles, is the seat of mean words and a petty grief; drawn down into two slender lines, it has no corners. It is the bitter mouth of a discontented serpent. In youth it acquired that pursed-up look, from restraining all its heart-felt enjoyments within its teeth; that heart has long died away. The voice is thin and unvibrating, its tones sudden and monotonous;—most horrible in a lawyer; ridiculous in an auctioneer. The shoulders are shrunk together; the ungloved hand looks bony and claw-like, fit for grasping; the back is bent, and the knees; the scanty clothes unfilled; the walk is a quick, uneasy shuffle, making up in anxiety for the want of energy. His fellow captive in our hands is the other ex-

treme of the same train of breeding. His round forehead, sloping from his ill-furnished head, overhangs in clumsy massiveness, a dull, slowly-turning eye, loosely lying in a pendulous bag of lid. The cheeks, in broken lumps, hang crowded on the bones; to them hangs the under-chin. The nose is short and thick, the mouth large and gross—and ever and anon the lips and nostrils are shaken with a bullying snort. The voice is thick, coarse, and grumbling. The large clothes are too strait for the rolling flesh; the walk is back-leaning, to balance the weight before; a quick succession of difficult stamps: one hand swings in aid of the over-tasked legs, the other gingles the gold that warms the pocket and the heart. Now let them go, poor fellows. What can have brought them to this pass? Indulgence. They have not, like the opium-eater, indulged their appetite alone,—like the frugal Indian, they have not only for a time indulged their legs: they have not only, like the Irish bog-trotter, indulged in foul air, and an exemption from the trouble of cleanliness; they have not, like any of these better-conditioned people, been content with indulgences single;—no, they have had them altogether. The rule of their lives has been to get as much money, and spend as little as possible, that they might have the power of indulging themselves in squalor, foul air, inaction, and gluttony—and that their beloved children might do the same. We must not, therefore, throw the whole burden of their ills on the shoulders of the fourth vice alone. Undoubtedly that is the immediate cause of the vast majority of diseases now prevalent among us, especially those of most common occurrence; but the other three indulgences are not the less to be looked upon as having unfitted us to resist the inroads of the fourth.

"Digestion, as most people know, is the name given to that series of functions by which food is taken into the system, and assimilated, and formed into blood; from which blood the various tissues are constantly undergoing renovation, and the various secretions are formed. Digestion consists, then, in the mastication of the food, its complete admixture with the saliva, and, having passed into the stomach, its reduction into a pulp by the muscular powers of the stomach, and, having been chemically acted on by the gastric juice, its propulsion thence onwards; its mixture with the bile;" and the separation of the chyle, which is the nutritious part, from the merely vehicular matter; which last is a lengthened process.

In order to the proper performance of these functions, there are three things to be considered: The body, to begin with, should be in a fit state to perform them; the food offered to the organs of digestion should be such as is naturally adapted to their peculiar action, and of such a nature as affords the best supply of nutriment; and it should be furnished in a proper manner, and proportions, and at fit intervals.

"Every organ and every tissue of the body is so intimately related to its other organs and tissues, that any can scarcely be affected without involving the others to a greater or less extent." The skin and the digestive organs are notoriously most closely sympathetic. Cleanliness then is one of the immediate promoters of a healthy digestion. We have already shown how exercise develops the muscular and secretive powers of the body, which are such con-

siderable agents in the process of digestion. We have shown how air invigorates the circulation, and vivifies the blood. Now, while the organs of digestion are at work, particularly the stomach, a great flow of blood occurs towards the part in action; as appears to be the case in all parts of the frame. It must be remembered too, that from the blood the gastric juice, the bile, and all the secretions are formed; the blood thus assists in making what itself is formed from, the chyle. Air then is necessary to a proper digestion. Many of us (would we could say all!) are familiar with the effect of a bathe in the open air upon the appetite! Cleanliness, Air, and Exercise, then, are the best adapters of the body to the functions of digestion.

Man was made to earn his food by his own corporeal exertion,—by the sweat of his brow,—to find it in the open air. In a state of nature the means of procuring food were themselves the best preparatives to its reception. A sportsman, now-a-days, most exactly conforms to the rules of healthy diet, especially if he add bathing to his exercise, and live only upon the game he kills, and a few vegetables out of his garden, and avoids too refined a cookery, a dram before setting out, a drinking party returning, and the like.

The healthiest style of food appears to be a moderate amount of animal substance, making up the necessary quantity by vegetable substances, of which the farinaceous kinds are generally to be preferred.

All kinds of game are most easy of digestion: hare, especially, appears to be the most facile of all known substances. Poultry, beef, and mutton come next. Lamb, and still more veal, in common with all young meats (commonly so called) are less digestible. Whiting, cod, and haddock, are among the wholesomest kinds of fish. Salmon, like pork, is a very suspicious fellow, subjecting its devourer to a chance of sudden and most unexpected attacks of pain, frequently terminating in a cutaneous eruption. Milk, cheese, and butter are extremely indigestible, and should be very moderately used even by the strongest. Butter the dyspeptic should never touch; it has been considered to be perhaps the most indigestible stuff we commonly put into our mouths. Of vegetable substances good wheaten bread is the most nutritive, and the best. "Asparagus, cauliflower (the heart), potatoes, if dry, or as it is called, mealy, and spinach," are the wholesomer sort of vegetables in Dr Robertson's estimation; and they are ranged in the order of their comparative excellence. Fruit, for the healthy, is wholesome and beneficial. The best time for eating it is the forenoon. Cherries, plums, and nuts, are, however, to be eschewed by the prudent.

Tea, coffee, and chocolate, used in moderation, appear wholesome and beneficial, and, especially the first, suited to our more inactive mode of life. Chocolate, however, is generally found to be heavy for the digestion of the valetudinarian, and is certainly more fitted to a breakfast beverage than to any other meal. Wine and spirituous liquors are to be looked upon rather as superfluities than necessities, and they have been reckoned of very doubtful benefit; we cannot, however, but consider that wine and ale, if good, and very sparingly used, are an innocent and very allowable indulgence. An immoderate use soon punishes itself.

So much for quality. Quantity is the next point; and there are various directions of easy access to those who desire to see their rule of conduct in black and white; but every healthy man has an infallible index in his own person that will tell him the precise quantity he should eat. It is the cessation of appetite,—not of inclination; for pleasant viands may prolong that almost indefinitely—but cessation of desire for food as such. A mouthful or two beyond this produces a still more peremptory demand for the jaws to cease, in a sense of fullness,—an undue consciousness of the presence of food in the stomach. Neglect this, and you suffer; for it must be borne in mind, that an excess of the quantity necessary for nourishment is not merely superfluous, it is positively harmful. The task of the stomach is to digest that quantity which is necessary to the constitution; and if overlaid, the task is performed with difficulty, the organ is irritated, its functions disordered, and more or less of temporary disease is the consequence. If this be often repeated, the disease is no longer temporary.

As to time, moderation must be the rule in that as in other respects. If meals are eaten at intervals of too great a duration, an exhaustion ensues, which is familiar to us all, and is directly weakening in its effect. If the interval be too short, a mass of food is intruded before the former meal is entirely got rid of, and the digestion of neither proceeds as it ought. Six hours is rather a long interval, but three is certainly the shortest to be allowed. Upon the whole, four or five hours may be considered a proper time to wait between meals.

The fittest time for a hearty meal is early in the day; the body is then fresh and untired, and the digestion is in its most vigorous condition, and the food, better and more effectually assimilated, is of greater use to the constitution. If the principal meal be deferred till a late hour,—as a late dinner, for instance,—the body suffers from the protracted fasting, the difficulty of digestion is enhanced, and the advantage derivable from the same food diminished. A hearty breakfast, therefore, with a walk before it,—a moderate dinner, about five hours after,—tea, three or four hours later,—and a very light supper, if any, make a very good course of diet for the day; such as is not likely to trouble the digestion, irritate the temper, or cloud the intellects; but leave the body strong, the temper comfortable, the head clear and rational.

Of physic-taking we have said nothing; lengthened remarks upon it would be foreign to these articles, and it is too important a subject to be dismissed in a few words. We shall reserve the matter for a future article.

In conclusion, we will offer a few general rules, not difficult to follow, the observance of which will include a great deal of useful practice.

Wet as much extent of skin, and rub dry, every day, as your occupation will allow you to do in point of time. Immerse yourself entirely in water at least once a week. Thus spent, a shilling a week will not be a very ruinous expense, nor ill-bestowed. In summer a cold bath is to be preferred; in winter one of the tepid swimming baths will be pleasanter, and perhaps safer. A shower bath is a very convenient and pleasant mode of washing, if you are able to procure one. In winter a kettleful of hot water mixed with the cold will make it of a safe and agreeable temperature, about that of open water in summer-time.

Keep your rooms well ventilated, always taking care to have a current of fresh air enter at some part of the room; and let it be changed as frequently and freely as possible. In your walks seek for a different air from the one you dwell in, and as pure a one as you can find. In choosing a walk in the neighbourhood of London, never go to leeward, for thus all the smoke of the city will follow you as far as you can go; but stretch out to windward, or as near it as you can, and so get the air fresh coming from the fields and open country.

Never take less than two hours' exercise in the open air. Never take two meals without out-of-door exercise between. Vary your exercise as much

as possible, and make it as amusing as you can. Swimming, skipping, the preliminaries, as they are called, of gymnastics, shuttlecock, are all exercises that may be used gently, and are very useful in exercising those parts of the body which are comparatively quiescent in walking.

Let your food be chosen for its wholesomeness, as well as its palatableness. Let it be moderate in quantity, and simple; not eating of many things at once. Eat or drink nothing very hot, nor swallow very fast. It is well to vary your food occasionally; but adhere to simplicity and moderation always.

If you feel dull, or melancholy, and do not know why, reconsider your last few days' bill of fare, and the exercises you have taken, and you will certainly find that you have done something to cause your uneasiness, either by commission or omission.

Endeavour to unite your amusements as much as possible with your exercises and regimen, making pleasure aid in bestowing health; and health will repay the benefit in kind.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

FIRST PRODUCTION OF MR HAZLITT, WRITTEN WHEN HE WAS THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

[It was addressed to the Editor of the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, at the time of the Birmingham riots, and is taken from the current number of the 'Monthly Repository.']

MR WOOD,—'Tis really surprising that men—men, too, that aspire to the character of Christians—should seem to take such pleasure in endeavouring to load with infamy one of the best, one of the wisest, and one of the greatest of men.

One of your late correspondents, under the signature of "OYΔΕΙΕ," seems desirous of having Dr Priestley in chains; and, indeed, would not, perhaps, (from the gentleman's seemingly charitable disposition,) be greatly averse to seeing him in the flames also. This is the Christian—this is the meek, the charitable spirit of Christianity—this the mild spirit its great master taught! Ah, Christianity, how art thou debased! now am I grieved to see that universal benevolence, that love to all mankind, that love even to our enemies, and that compassion for the failings of our fellow-men that thou art calculated to promote, contracted and shrunk up within the narrow limits that prejudice and bigotry mark out!

But to return. Supposing the gentleman's end to be intentionally good; supposing him, indeed, to desire all this, in order to extirpate the doctor's supposedly impious and erroneous doctrines, and promote the cause of truth, yet the means he would use are certainly wrong. For may I be allowed to remind him of this, (which prejudice has hitherto apparently prevented him from seeing,) that violence and force can never promote the cause of truth, but reason and argument alone; and whenever these fail, all other means are vain and ineffectual? And, as the doctor himself has said in his letter to the inhabitants of Birmingham, that "if they destroyed him, ten others would rise as able or abler than himself, and stand forth immediately to defend his principles; and that were those destroyed, a hundred would appear, for the God of truth will not suffer his cause to lie defenceless." This letter of the doctor's, though it throughout breathes the pure and genuine spirit of Christianity, is by another of your correspondents charged with *sedition and heresy*! But, indeed, if such sentiments as those which it contains be *sedition and heresy*, *sedition and heresy* would be an honour; for all their *sedition* is that fortitude that becomes the dignity of man, and the character of Christian; and their *heresy*, Christianity. The whole letter, indeed, far from being seditious, is peaceable and charitable: and far from being heretical, that is, in the usual acceptance of the word, furnishes proofs of that resignation so worthy of himself. And to be sensible of this, 'tis only necessary that any one, laying aside prejudice, read the letter itself with candour. What, or who, then, is free from the calumniating pen of malice, malice concealed, perhaps, under the specious guise of religion and a love of truth?

Religious persecution is the bane of all religion; and the friends of persecution are the worst enemies religion has. Of all persecutions, that of calumny is the most intolerable. Any other kind of persecution can affect our outward circumstances only, our properties, our lives; but this may affect our characters for ever! And this great man has not only had his goods spoiled, his habitation burned, and his life endangered, but is also calumniated, aspersed with the most malicious reflections, and charged with everything bad, for which a misrepresentation of the truth,

"Nihil est . . ."

and prejudice, can give the least pretence. And why all this? To the shame of some one let it be replied, merely on account of particular speculative opinions, and not anything scandalous, shameful, or criminal in his moral character. "When I see," says the great and admirable Robinson, "a spirit of intolerance, I think I see the great devil!" And it is certainly the worst of devils. And here I shall conclude, staying only to remind your anti-Priestleyan correspondents, that, when they presume to attack the character of Dr Priestley, they do not so much resemble the wren pecking at the eagle, as the owl attempting, by the flap of her wings, to hurl Mount Athos into the ocean! and that while Dr Priestley's name shall "flourish in immortal youth," and his memory be respected and revered by posterity, prejudice no longer blinding the understandings of men, *theirs* will be forgotten in obscurity, or only remembered as the friends of bigotry and persecution, the most odious of all characters.

HAIÆON.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. XCI.—THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF THE MAJOR-DOMO.

A Major-domo killing himself, because there was a deficiency in the dishes at his master's table, cannot but give us some ludicrous sensations in the midst of our pity; yet that poor Vatel found nothing ludicrous in his position, is too certain; and in order to sympathize with the purely grave sympathy which his fate seems to have excited, we must pitch our imaginations into the Court of Louis the Fourteenth, where royalty was, almost literally, worshipped, and the orders of nobility, and his other servants, envied him (not to speak it profanely) in the manner of the celestial hierarchies; the Dukes being the cherubs, and those also partaking of the reflection of his dignity, who, as Milton says of his ministering angels,

"only stand and wait."

If Racine died of dejection at the loss of Louis's favour, it may be allowed to a Major-domo to kill himself out of an apprehension of it.

And see how gravely the office was estimated in those days. One hardly knows whether Madame de Sévigné is serious, or bantering, when she speaks of Vatel as a "great" man, and one capable of governing a state. But at any rate, he had all the delicacy and high sense of honour which was thought peculiar to high station.

"Vatel," said the Prince, in order to console him for the deficiency of the roast meat, "Nothing could be more admirable than his Majesty's supper."

"Your Royal Highness's goodness," replied Vatel, "completes my unhappiness. I am sensible that the roast meat was wanting at two tables."

Then there is a want of sea-water (we know not for what purpose—we are not enough in the interior of the fashions of those times); but this want of sea-water is the "last feather that breaks the horse's back." However, we must not anticipate the narrative of Madame de Sévigné, cheering and natural as usual, like all her letters. Poor Vatel was most likely a very bilious gentleman, whose reputation for worth and dignity had given him somewhat too profound a sense of what was expected of him, and whose bad general state of health made his impatience overflow at this otherwise trifling jog given to the cup of his calamities.

It is as if a tragedy had been introduced in the corner of one of the pictures of Watteau. Imagine a feast "all over jonquils"—"all enchantment," as Madame de Sévigné describes it, and then this strange mock-heroical spout of blood, suddenly bringing horror upon it, and staining its dandy coat!

THE MARCHIONESS DE SEVIGNE TO HER DAUGHTER, THE COUNTESS DE GRIGNON.

Friday evening, 24th April, 1671.

From Monsieur de la Rochefoucault's.

WELL! here I make up my packet. I intended to acquaint you that the King got yesterday to Chantilly. He hunted a stag by moonlight; the lamps did wonders, but the fireworks were a little eclipsed by the brightness of our friend; but in fine, the evening, the supper, and the entertainment went off admirably well. The weather we had yesterday gave us hopes of an end worthy of so fine a beginning. But what do you think I learnt when I came here? I am scarcely recovered as yet, and hardly know how to tell it you:—Vatel, the great, the ingenious Vatel, late Maître d'Hotel to M. de Fouquet, and now in that capacity with the Prince, a man so eminently distinguished for capacity, and whose abilities were equal to the government of a state—this man, whom I knew so well, at eight o'clock this morn-

ing finding that the salt water he had sent for did not come to the time he expected it, and unable to bear the disgrace that he thought would inevitably befall him, ran himself through with his own sword. You may easily judge what a confusion so shocking an accident must have occasioned. Think, too, that perhaps the water might come in just as he was expiring. I know no more of the affair at present; and I suppose you think this full enough, I make no doubt. But everything was in the greatest confusion. It must be very disagreeable to have an accident of this kind break in upon an entertainment that cost fifty thousand crowns.

Monsieur de Menars is to be married to Mademoiselle de la Grange Neuville; but I don't know how I come to have the heart to speak to you about anything but Vatel.

Paris, Sunday, April 26, 1671.

This is Sunday, 26th April; and this letter will not go out till Wednesday; but it is not a letter, it is an account that I had from Moreuil, of what passed at Chantilly with regard to Vatel. I wrote to you last Friday, that he had stabbed himself; you have here the whole particulars of that affair. The King arrived there on Thursday night: the walk, the collation, which was served in a place set apart for the purpose, and strewn with jonquils, were to their wish. They went to supper, but the Rôti was wanting at one or two of the tables by reason of their having been obliged to provide several dinners more than were expected. This seized Vatel's spirits, and he was heard to say several times, "I have lost my honour! I cannot bear this disgrace! My head is quite giddy." Said he to Gourville, "I have not had a wink of sleep these twelve nights; I wish you would assist me in giving orders." Gourville did all he could to comfort and assist him; but the want of the Rôti (which, however, did not happen at the King's table, but some of the other twenty-five,) was always uppermost with him. Gourville mentioned it to the Prince, who was so good as to go directly to Vatel's apartments, and told him, "everything is extremely well, Vatel; nothing could be more admirable than his Majesty's supper." "Your Highness's goodness," replied he, "completes my unhappiness; I am sensible that the Rôti was wanting at two tables." "There is nothing in it, man," said the Prince; "do not perplex yourself, and all will go well." Midnight came,—the fire-works did not succeed,—they were covered with a thick cloud,—they cost sixteen thousand francs. At four o'clock in the morning Vatel went everywhere about, and found all fast asleep; he meets one of the under purveyors, who was just come in with only two loads of water. "What!" says he, "is this all?" "Yes, Sir," said the man, not knowing that Vatel had despatched other people to all the sea-ports about. Vatel waited for some time; no other purveyors arrived; his head grew confused; he thought there was no more water to be had; he flies to Gourville; "Sir," says he, "I cannot out-live this disgrace." Gourville laughed at him; but, however, goes to his apartment, and setting the hilt of his sword against the door, ran himself through the heart at the third stroke; having first given himself two wounds, which were not mortal. Just at that instant the carriers arrived from all parts with the water; Vatel was inquired for to distribute it; they ran to his room, knocked at the door, but could make no one answer; upon which it was broken open, and there he was found stretched out, and weltering in his blood. A messenger was immediately dispatched to acquaint the Prince with what had happened, who was just at his wits end about it. The Duke wept, for his Burgundy journey all depended upon Vatel. The Prince related the whole affair to his Majesty with great concern. It was looked upon as the consequence of a too nice sense of honour in his way; some blamed him, others praised him for this instance of courage. The King said he had put off this excursion for above five years, because he was very sensible what an infinite deal of trouble it must be attended with, and told the Prince he ought to have had but two tables, and not be at the charge of all, and declared he would never suffer him to do the like again; but all this was too late for poor Vatel. However, Gourville endeavoured to supply the loss of Vatel, which he did in great measure. The dinner was elegant, the collation the same. They supped; they went a walking; they hunted; all was perfumed with jonquils, all was enchantment. Yesterday, which was Saturday, there was the same over again; and in the evening the King set out for Liancourt, where he had ordered a *media-noche*;^{*} he is to stay there three days. This is what Moreuil told me, hoping I would acquaint you with it. I wash my hands of the rest, for I know nothing about it. M. d'Hacqueville, who was present at the whole, will no doubt give you a faithful relation of all that passed; but nevertheless I write too, because his hand is not quite so legible as mine, and the reason of my sending you so many little circumstances is, because, were I in your place, I should like them on such an occasion.

* *Media-noche* is a flesh-meal just after midnight, among the Roman Catholics.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DISLIKE OF NAMING A SUCCESSOR.

MR D'ISRAËLI, in the following passage, has perhaps somewhat over-estimated the political value of the subject at this time of day, and treated it, on that score, with too much gravity and circumstance; but it is curious as an exhibition of character. Elizabeth had been used to power for a long series of years, and could not bear to part with it, or even to think of the person who should be its inheritor. That is evidently the main secret of the matter, however it may have partaken of feelings more purely political. With respect to the word "rascal," ("I will have no rascal to succeed me," &c.), it did not imply of necessity the moral reprobation it does now, and, therefore, could not have been quite so strange in the ears of the by-standers, as it would be if used by a sovereign of the nineteenth century. But in one respect it might have mortified them still more; for birth and rank were then in higher estimation, and rascal (*racaille*) meant one of the "lowest of the people"—the "rascal rout"—the "rascal many" (11), as the phrases went in those times; very different from the many-respecting philosophy of the present. Poor imperial Elizabeth, therefore, in the anger and sulkiness of her dying moments, "loath to depart," implied, by the use of this term, that all people, whether high or low, were "rascals" alike, in comparison with a crowned head.

It is an extraordinary circumstance in our history, that the succession to the English dominion, except in two remarkable cases, was never settled by the possessors of the throne themselves, during their life-time; and that there is every reason to believe that this mighty transfer of three Kingdoms became the sole act of their ministers, who considered the succession merely as a state expedient. Two of our most able sovereigns found themselves in this predicament: Queen Elizabeth and the Protector Cromwell! Cromwell probably had his reasons not to name his successor; his positive election would have dissatisfied the opposite parties of his government, which he only ruled while he was able to cajole them. He must have been aware that latterly he had need of conciliating all parties to his usurpation, and was, probably, as doubtful on his death-bed whom to appoint as his successor, as at any other period of his reign. Ludlow suspects that Cromwell was "so indisposed in body or mind, that he could not attend to that matter; and whether he named any one is to me uncertain." All that we know, is the report of the secretary Thurlo and his chaplain, who, when the Protector lay in his last agonies, suggested to him the propriety of choosing his eldest son, and they tell us that he agreed to this choice. Had Cromwell been in his senses, he would probably have fixed on Henry, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, rather than on Richard, or possibly have not chosen either of his sons!

Elizabeth, from womanish infirmity, or from state reasons, could not endure the thoughts of her successor; and long threw into jeopardy the politics of all the cabinets of Europe, each of which had its favourite candidate to support. The legitimate heir to the throne of England was to be the creature of her breath, yet Elizabeth could not speak him into existence. This had, however, often raised the discontents of the nation, and we shall see how it harassed the Queen in her dying hours. It is even suspected that the Queen still retained so much of the woman, that she could never overcome her perverse dislike to name her successor; so that, according to this opinion, she died and left the crown to the mercy of a party! This would have been acting unworthy of the magnanimity of her character, and as it is ascertained that the Queen was very sensible that she lay in a dying state several days before the natural catastrophe occurred, it is difficult to believe that she totally disregarded so important a circumstance. It is therefore, reasoning *a priori*, most natural to conclude that the choice of a successor must have occupied her thoughts, as well as the anxieties of her ministers, and that she would not have left the throne in the same unsettled state at her death, as she had persevered in doing her whole life. How did she express herself when bequeathing the crown to James the First, or did she bequeath it at all?

In the popular pages of her female historian, Miss Aikin has observed, that "the closing scene of the long and eventful life of Queen Elizabeth was marked by that peculiarity of character and destiny which attended her from the cradle, and pursued her to the grave." The last days of Elizabeth were indeed most melancholy—she died a victim of the higher passions, and perhaps as much of grief as of age, refusing all remedies, and even nourishment. But in all the published accounts, I can no where discover how she conducted herself respecting the circumstance of our present enquiry. The most detailed narrative, or, as Gray the poet calls it, "the Earl of Monmouth's odd account of Queen Elizabeth's death," is the one most deserving notice; and there we find the circumstance of this in-

quiry introduced. The Queen at that moment was reduced to so sad a state, that it is doubtful whether her Majesty was at all sensible of the inquiries put to her by her ministers respecting the succession. The Earl of Monmouth says, "On Wednesday, the 23rd of March, she grew speechless. That afternoon, by signs, she called for her council, and by putting her hand to her head when the King of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew that he was the man she desired should reign after her." Such a sign as that of a dying woman putting her hand to her head was, to say the least, a very ambiguous acknowledgment of the right of the Scottish monarch to the English throne. The odd, but very naïve account of Robert Cary, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, is not furnished with dates, nor with the exactness of a diary. Something might have occurred on a preceding day which had not reached him. Camden describes the death-bed scene of Elizabeth; by this authentic writer it appears that she had confided her state secret of the succession to the Lord Admiral (the Earl of Nottingham), and when the Earl found the Queen almost at her extremity, he communicated her Majesty's secret to the council, who commissioned the Lord Admiral, the Lord Keeper, and the Secretary, to wait on her Majesty, and acquaint her that they came in the name of the rest to learn her pleasure in reference to the succession. The Queen was then very weak, and answered them in a faint voice, that she had already declared, that as she held a regal sceptre, so she desired no other than a royal successor. When the Secretary requested her to explain herself, the Queen said, "I would have a King succeed me; and who should that be but my nearest kinsman, the King of Scots?" Here this state conversation was put an end to by the interference of the Archbishop, advising her Majesty to turn her thoughts to God. "Never," she replied, "has my mind wandered from him."

An historian of Camden's high integrity would hardly have forged a fiction to please the new Monarch; yet Camden has not been referred to on this occasion by the exact Birch, who draws his information from the letters of the French Ambassador, Villeroy; information which, it appears, the English Minister had confided to this Ambassador; nor do we get any distinct ideas from Elizabeth's more recent popular historian, who could only transcribe the account of Cary. He had told us a fact which he could not be mistaken in, that the Queen fell speechless on Wednesday, the 23rd of March; on which day, however, she called her council, and made that sign with her hand, which, as the Lords chose to understand, for ever united the two kingdoms. But the noble editor of 'Cary's Memoirs' (the Earl of Cork and Orrery), has observed, that "the speeches made for Queen Elizabeth on her death-bed are all forged."

Echard, Rapin, and a long train of historians, make her say faintly (so faintly, indeed, that it could not possibly be heard), "I will that a King succeed me, and who should that be but my nearest kinsman the King of Scots?" A different account of this matter will be found in the following memoirs. "She was speechless, and almost expiring, when the chief counsellors of state were called into her bed-chamber. As soon as they were perfectly convinced that she could not utter an articulate word, and scarce could hear or understand one, they named the King of Scots to her, a liberty they dared not to have taken if she had been able to speak; she put her hand to her head, which was probably at that time in agonizing pain. The Lords, who understood her sign just as they pleased, were immediately convinced that the motion of her hand to her head was a declaration of James the Sixth as her successor. What was this but the unanimous interpretation of persons who were adoring the rising sun?"

This is lively and plausible, but the noble editor did not recollect that "the speeches made by Elizabeth on her death-bed," which he deems "forgeries," in consequence of the circumstance he had found in Cary's memoirs, originate with Camden, and were only repeated by Rapin and Echard, &c. I am now to confirm the narrative of the elder historian, as well as the circumstance related by Cary, describing the sign of the Queen a little differently, which happened on Wednesday, the 23rd. A hitherto unnoticed document pretends to give a fuller and more circumstantial account of this affair, which commenced on the preceding day, when the Queen retained the power of speech; and it will be confessed that the language here used has all that loftiness and brevity which was the natural style of this Queen. I have discovered a curious document in a manuscript volume formerly in the possession of Petyt, and seemingly in his own hand-writing. I do not doubt its authenticity, and it could only have come from some of the illustrious personages who were the actors in that solemn scene; probably from Cecil. This memorandum is entitled—

"Account of the last words of Queen Elizabeth about her successor."

"On the Tuesday before her death, being the 23rd of March, the Admiral being on the right side of her bed, the Lord Keeper on the left, and Mr Secretary Cecil (afterwards Earl of Salisbury) at the bed's feet, all standing, the Lord Keeper put in mind of her speech concerning the succession had at Vauxhall, and that they, in the name of all the rest of her council,

came unto her to know her pleasure who should succeed; whereunto she thus replied:—

"I told you my seat had been the seat of Kings, and I will have no rascal to succeed me. And who shall succeed me but a King?"

"The Lords not understanding this dark speech, and looking one on the other, Mr Secretary boldly asked her what she meant by these words, that no rascal should succeed her? Whereunto she replied, that her meaning was that a King should succeed; and who, quoth she, should that be but our cousin of Scotland?"

"They asked her whether that were her absolute resolution? Whereunto she answered, I pray you trouble me no more, for I will have none but him. With which they departed.

"Notwithstanding, after again, about four o'clock in the afternoon the next day, being Wednesday, after the Archbishop of Canterbury and other divines had been with her, and left her in a manner speechless, the three Lords aforesaid repaired to her again, and asking her if she remained in her former resolution, and who should succeed her? But not being able to speak, was asked by Mr Secretary in this sort, 'We beseech your Majesty, if you remain in your former resolution, and that you would have the King of Scots to succeed you in your kingdom, show some sign to us.' Whereat, suddenly heaving herself upwards in her bed, and putting her arms out of bed, she held her hands jointly over her head in manner of a crown; whence, as they guessed, she signified that she did not only wish him the kingdom, but desire continuance of his estate, after which they departed, and the next morning she died. Immediately after her death, all the Lords, as well of the Council as other Noblemen that were at the Court, came from Richmond to Whitehall by six o'clock in the morning, where other Noblemen that were in London met them. Touching the succession, after some speeches of divers competitors, and matters of state, at length the Admiral rehearsed all the aforesaid premises which the late Queen had spoken to him and to the Lord Keeper, and Mr Secretary (Cecil), with the manner thereof; which they, being asked, did affirm to be true upon their honour."

Such is this singular document of secret history. I cannot but value it as authentic, because the one part is evidently alluded to by Camden, and the other is fully confirmed by Cary; and, besides this, the remarkable expression of "a rascal" is found in the letter of the French Ambassador. There were two interviews with the Queen, and Cary appears only to have noticed the last, on Wednesday, when the Queen lay speechless. Elizabeth all her life had persevered in an obstinate mysteriousness respecting the succession, and it harassed her latest moments. The second interview with her Ministers may seem to us quite superfluous; but Cary's "putting her hand to her head" too meanly describes the "joining her hands in the manner of a crown."

THE QUEEN ELIZABETHS OF THE HIVE.

(From Dr Bevan's 'Honey-Bee'.)

A curious circumstance occurs with respect to the hatching of the queen bee. When the pupa or nymph is about to change into the perfect insect, the bees render the cover of the cell thinner by gnawing away part of the wax, and with so much nicety do they perform this operation, that the cover at last becomes pellucid, owing to its extreme thinness, thus facilitating the exit of the fly. After the transformation is complete, the young ones would, in common course, immediately emerge from their cells, as workers and drones do; but the former always keep the royal infants prisoners for some days, supplying them in the meantime with honey for food, a small hole being made in the door of each cell, through which the confined bee extends its proboscis to receive it. The royal prisoners continually utter a kind of song, the modulations of which are said to vary. Huber heard a young princess in her cell emit a very strange sound or clacking, consisting of several monotonous notes in rapid succession, and he supposed the working bees to ascertain, by the loudness of these tones, the ripeness of their queens. Huber has suggested that the cause of this temporary imprisonment may possibly be to enable the young queens to fly away the instant they are liberated.

The queen is a good deal harassed by the other queens on her liberation. This has been attributed to their wishing to compel her to go off with a swarm as soon as possible; but this notion is probably erroneous; it certainly is so, if Huber be correct in saying that the swarms are always accompanied by the older queens. The queen has the power of instantly putting a stop to their worrying, by uttering a peculiar noise, which has been called the *voice of sovereignty*. Bonner, however, declares that he never could observe in the queen anything like an exercise of sovereignty. But Huber's statement was not founded upon a solitary instance; he heard the sound on various occasions, and witnessed the striking effect which it always produced. On one occasion, a queen having escaped the vigilance of her guards and sprung from the cell, was, on her approach to the royal embryos, pulled, bitten, and chased by the other bees; but standing with her thorax against a comb, and crossing her wings upon her back,

keeping them in motion, but not unfolding them, she emitted a particular sound, when the bees became, as it were, paralysed, and remained motionless. Taking advantage of this dread, she rushed to the royal cells; but the sound having ceased as she prepared to ascend, the guardians of the cells instantly took courage and drove her away. This voice of sovereignty, as it has been called, resembles that which is made by young queens before they are liberated from their cells; it is a very distinct kind of clacking, composed of many notes in the same key, which follow each other rapidly. The sound, accompanied by the attitude just described, always produces a paralyzing effect upon the bees.

Bees, when deprived of their queen, have the power of selecting one or more grubs of workers, and converting them into queens. To effect this, each of the promoted grubs has a royal cell or cradle made for it, by having three contiguous common cells thrown into one: two of the three grubs that occupy those cells are sacrificed, and the remaining one is liberally fed with royal jelly. This royal jelly is a pungent food, prepared by the working bees, exclusively for the purpose of feeding such of the larva as are destined to become candidates for the honours of royalty, whether it be their lot to assume them or not. It is more stimulating than the food of ordinary bees, has not the same mawkish taste, and is evidently acedent. The royal larva are supplied with it rather profusely, and there is always some of it left in the cell after their transformation. Schirach, who was secretary to the Apian society in Upper Lusatia, and Vicar of Little Bautzen, may be regarded as the discoverer, or rather as the promulgator of this fact, and his experiments, which were also frequently repeated by other members of the Lusatian society, have been amply confirmed by those of Huber and Bonner. Mr Keys was a violent sceptic upon this subject (see his communication to the Bath society); so likewise was Mr Hunter (*vide Philosophical Transactions*). But notwithstanding the criticisms and ridicule of the former, and the sarcastic strictures of the latter, the sex of workers is now established beyond all doubt. The fact is said to have been known long before Schirach wrote; M. Vogel and Signor Monticelli, a Neapolitan professor, have both asserted this. The former states it to have been known upwards of fifty years; the latter a much longer period. He says that the Greeks and Turks in the Ionian islands are well acquainted with it; and that in the little Sicilian Island of Favignana, the art of producing queens has been known from very remote antiquity; he even thinks that it was no secret to the Greeks and Romans, though, as Messrs Kirby and Spence observe, had the practice been common, it would surely have been noticed by Aristotle and Pliny. The result of Schirach's experiments was, that all workers were originally females, but that their organs of generation were obliterated, merely because the germs of them were not developed; their being fed and treated in a particular manner, in their infancy or worm state, being necessary, in his opinion, to effect their development. Subsequent experiments, conducted under the auspices of Huber, have shown, however, that the organs are not entirely obliterated.

Huber has been regarded as a man of a very vivid imagination; and, as his eye-sight was defective, he was obliged to rely very much upon the reports of Francis Burnens, his assistant; on both which accounts other apian writers have thrown some distrust upon his statements. Huish may be reckoned among the number; he has also made some observations upon Schirach's theory, and treated it with much petulance and ridicule. In answer to him and all other cavillers, I shall detail an experiment made by Mr Dunbar in his Mirror hive. In July, when the hive had become filled with comb and bees, and well stored with honey; and when the queen bee was very fertile, laying a hundred eggs a-day, Mr D. opened the hive and took her Majesty away. The bees laboured for eighteen hours before they appeared to miss her, but no sooner was the loss discovered than all was agitation and tumult; and they rushed in crowds to the door, as if swarming. On the following morning he observed that they had founded five queens' cells in the usual way under such circumstances; and in the course of the same afternoon four more were founded, in the part of the comb where there were only eggs a day or two old. On the fourteenth day from the old queen's removal, a young queen emerged and proceeded towards the other royal cells, evidently with a murderous intent. She was immediately pulled away by the workers with violence, and this conduct on their part, was repeated as often as the queen renewed her destructive purpose. At every repulse she appeared sulky, and cried "Peep, peep," one of the unhatched queens responding, but in a somewhat hoarser tone. (This circumstance affords an explanation of the two different sounds which are heard prior to the issuing of second swarms.) On the afternoon of the same day a second queen was hatched; she immediately buried herself in a cluster of bees. Next morning Mr D. observed a hot pursuit of the younger queen by the elder, but being called away, on his return half-an-hour afterwards, the former was dying on the floor, no doubt the victim of the other. Huber has stated that these artificial queens are mute; but the circumstances noticed by Mr Dunbar of the two queens, just referred

to, having answered each other, disproves that statement. Contrary also to the experience of Huber, Mr D. found that the cells of artificial queens are surrounded by a guard.

SAYINGS OF CHARLES LAMB.

We have been favoured by an accomplished writer, one of the most intimate and honoured friends of Mr Lamb, with the following "quips and quilllets." They are characteristic of their utterer. Those who know how Charles Lamb hesitated his joke, and made feints as it were, in order to dart it forth the next minute with ten-fold effect, will best recognize the points, and enjoy the spirit of them. Next to knowing what Lamb said, it was always desirable to know how he said it.

Coleridge was one evening running before the wind. He had talked about everything, from Moses downwards. At last he came to his own doings at Shrewsbury, and was swinging on, nineteen knots to the hour. "At this place, at Shrewsbury, (which is not only remarkable for its celebrated cakes, and for having been the point of rendezvous for Falstaff's regiment of foot; but also, if I may presume to speak of it, for the first development of the imaginative faculty in myself, by which faculty I would be understood to mean, &c. &c.)—at Shrewsbury I was accustomed to preach—I believe, Charles Lamb, that you have heard me preach?" pursued he, turning round to his fatigued friend, who rapidly retorted—"I—I—never heard you do anything else."

"Have you seen —'s excellent article in the Review?" asked some one of Lamb. "Yes," said he, "I saw something of it." "Did you observe what a complete theory he has built up?" was the second inquiry. "I don't understand these things," returned Lamb, evading the question. "But did you see anything defective?" persisted the other; "it seems to me, to be a perfect fabric. What is there wanting?" "I thought," answered L., at last, "that it—it—w—wanted the—the Attic."

Somebody was telling of a merry party then in prospect. "There will be —, (Lamb smiled) and —, (another smile, but sickly,) and —, (You might have done better," said L.) and D. D. —." "Ugh!" shuddered Lamb, at this last name, with a face expressive of nausea, "He! he! throw a—damp upon a—a—a funeral!"

L. and his sister were one evening supping at Mrs M—'s. L. (with a little unwelcome assistance from another person) had made his way to the bottom of the second bottle of porter. "You really shall not have any more, Charles," said his sister. "Pray Mrs M—, don't give him any more." "You hear what your sister says, Mr Lamb?" observed Mrs M—, pouring out the remains of the porter (which were thick) into his glass. "She is a person of mean capacity," said he; "I never listen to her. Try the next bottle, Madame; for this is thick; and — Hospitality should run fine to the last."

"How obstinate M. B. is," observed a visitor. "He's an excellent fellow," said L., avoiding the point: "I like M.—." "But he's so obstinate," reiterated the speaker. "Well," replied L., "I like a good solid obstinacy. Something may come of it. Besides,—there's something to quarrel with. One's blows don't tell upon a fellow who goes whisking about like a ball of worsted, and won't stand up for his own opinion. M.'s a freeholder, and insists upon having his vote."

"What a fine style X. has!" said a poetaster. "Excellent," echoed another person; "don't you think so, Mr L.?"—"I'm no judge of styles," was the answer; "I only know what pleases myself."—"But surely, Mr L. you must think it fine. For my part, the word *fine* doesn't half express what I think of it. It doesn't at all come up to my ideas."—"Perhaps," observed L., "the word *superfine* will do better."

We will venture to add to what our friend has communicated, a stage coach saying of Lamb's. He was coming to town in the Enfield stage, to see the rehearsal of Mr Knowles's new play of 'The Wife.' It might be that he was mentally composing the epilogue, as he sat snug and silent in a corner of the vehicle. He was at all events studious; but he unluckily had an exceedingly talkative old gentleman for his fellow-passenger. Lamb was questioned and cross-questioned upon a hundred points—especially relating to the weather, the agricultural interests, and the crops. Lamb knew nothing about the crops. At last—"What do you think of the turnips, Sir?" inquired his persecutor. Lamb turned upon him an eye "full of smothered glee."—"Why, Sir, that depends a good deal—on the—legs of mutton!" The old gentleman put no further questions.—*Court Journal.*

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XXVII.—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

'ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL' is one of the most pleasing of our author's comedies. The interest is however more of a serious than a comic nature. The character of Helen is one of great sweetness and delicacy. She is placed in circumstances of the most critical kind, and has to court her husband both as a virgin and a wife: yet the most scrupulous nicety of female modesty is not once violated. There is not one thought or action that ought to bring a blush into her cheeks, or that for a moment lessens her in our esteem. Perhaps the romantic attachment of a beautiful and virtuous girl to one placed above her hopes by the circumstances of birth and fortune, was never so exquisitely expressed as in the reflections which she utters when young Roussillon leaves his mother's house, under whose protection she has been brought up with him, to repair to the French King's court.

"HELENA. Oh, were that all—I think not on my father,

And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him. My imagination Carries no favour in it, but my Bertram's. I am undone, there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one That I should love a bright particular star, And think to wed it; he is so above me: In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself; The hind that would be mated by the lion, Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague, To see him every hour, to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls In our heart's table: heart too capable Of every line and trick of his sweet favour. But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his relics."

The interest excited by this beautiful picture of a fond and innocent heart is kept up afterwards by her resolution to follow him to France, the success of her experiment in restoring the King's health, her demanding Bertram in marriage as a recompense, his leaving her in disdain, her interview with him afterwards disguised as Diana, a young lady whom he importunes with his secret addresses, and their final reconciliation when the consequences of her stratagem and the proofs of her love are fully made known. The persevering gratitude of the French king to his benefactress, who cures him of a languishing distemper by a prescription hereditary in her family, the indulgent kindness of the Countess, whose pride of birth yields, almost without a struggle, to her affection for Helen, the honesty and uprightness of the good old lord Lafew, make very interesting parts of the picture. The wilful stubbornness and youthful petulance of Bertram are also very admirably described. The comic part of the play turns on the folly, boasting, and cowardice of Parolles, a parasite and hanger-on of Bertram's, the detection of whose false pretensions to bravery and honour forms a very amusing episode. He is first found out by the old lord Lafew, who says, "The soul of this man is in his clothes;" and it is proved afterwards that his heart is in his tongue, and that both are false and hollow. The adventure of "the bringing off of his drum" has become proverbial as a satire on all ridiculous and blustering undertakings which the person never means to perform: nor can anything be more severe than what one of the bye-standers remarks upon what Parolles says of himself, "Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?" Yet Parolles himself gives the best solution of the difficulty afterwards when he is thankful to escape with his life and the loss of character; for, so that he can live on, he is by no means squeamish about the loss of pretensions, to which he had sense enough to know he had no real claim, and which he had assumed only as a means to live.

"PAROLLES. Yet I am thankful: if my heart were great,"

'Twould burst at this. Captain, I'll be no more,"

But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall. Simply the thing I am Shall make me live: who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this; for it shall come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust sword, cool blushes, and Parolles live Safest in shame; being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive; There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them."

The story of 'All's Well that ends Well,' and of several others of Shakspeare's plays, is taken from Boccaccio. The poet has dramatised the original novel with great skill and comic spirit, and has preserved all the beauty of character and sentiment without improving upon it, which was impossible. There is indeed in Boccaccio's serious pieces a truth, a pathos, and an exquisite refinement of sentiment, which is hardly to be met with in any prose writer whatever. Justice has not been done him by the world. He has in general passed for a mere narrator of lascivious tales or idle jests. This character probably originated in his obnoxious attacks on the monks, and has been kept up by the grossness of mankind, who revenged their own want of refinement on Boccaccio, and only saw in his writings what suited the coarseness of their own tastes. But the truth is, that he has carried sentiment of every kind to its very highest purity and perfection. By sentiment we would here understand the habitual workings of some one powerful feeling, where the heart reposes almost entirely upon itself, without the violent excitement of opposing duties or untoward circumstances. In this way, nothing ever came up to the story of Frederigo Alberigi and his Falcon. The perseverance in attachment, the spirit of gallantry and generosity displayed in it, has no parallel in the history of heroic sacrifices. The feeling is so unconscious too, and involuntary, is brought out in such small, unlooked-for, and unostentatious circumstances, as to show it to have been woven into the very nature and soul of the author. The story of Isabella is scarcely less fine, and is more affecting in the circumstances and in the catastrophe. Dryden has done justice to the impassioned eloquence of the Tancred and Sigismunda; but has not given an adequate idea of the wild preternatural interest of the story of Honoria. Cimon and Iphigene is by no means one of the best, notwithstanding the popularity of the subject. The proof of unalterable affection given in the story of Jeronymo, and the simple touches of nature and picturesque beauty in the story of the two holiday lovers, who were poisoned by tasting of a leaf in the garden at Florence, are perfect master-pieces. The epithet of Divine was well bestowed on this great painter of the human heart. The invention implied in his different tales is immense: but we are not to infer that it is all his own. He probably availed himself of all the common traditions which were floating in his time, and which he was the first to appropriate. Homer appears the most original of all authors—probably for no other reason than that we can trace the plagiarism no farther. Boccaccio has furnished subjects to numberless writers since his time, both dramatic and narrative. The story of Griselda is borrowed from his Decameron by Chaucer; as is the Knight's Tale (Palamon and Arcite) from his poem of the Theseid.

TABLE TALK.

A SPIRITED ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

I shall think myself decrepit till I can again saunter into the garden in my slippers, and without my hat in all weathers,—a point I am determined to regain, if possible, for even this experience cannot make me resign my temperance and my hardness. I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures, but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Christ! can I ever stoop to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I don't wish to see, and attended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! Let the gout do its worst, as expeditiously as it can; it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs. I am not made to bear

a course of nonsense and advice, but must play the fool in my own way to the last; alone with all my heart, if I cannot be with the very few I wish to see; but to depend for comfort on others, who would be no comfort to me, this surely is not a state to be preferred to death, and nobody can have truly enjoyed the advantages of youth, health, and spirits, who is content to exist without the two last, which alone bear any resemblance to the first. You see how difficult it is for me to conquer my proud spirit; low and weak as I am, I think my resolution and perseverance will get the better, and that I shall still be a gay shadow; at least, I will impose any severity upon myself, rather than humour, and sink into that indulgence with which most people treat it. Bodily liberty is as dear to me as mental, and I would as soon flatter any other tyrant as the gout, my Whiggism extending as much to my health as to my principles, and being as willing to part with life, when I cannot preserve it, as your uncle Algernon when his freedom was at stake. —Horace Walpole's Letters.

SUPERSTITION.

Superstition consists, either in bestowing religious valuation and esteem on things in which there is no good, or fearing those in which there is no hurt: so that this folly expresseth itself one while in doting upon opinions, as fundamentals of faith, and idolizing the little models of fancy, for Divine institutions: and then it runs away, afraid of harmless, indifferent appointments, and looks pale upon the appearance of any usual effect of nature. It tells ominous stories of every meteor of the night; and makes sad interpretation of every unwonted accident: all of which are produced by ignorance and a narrow mind, which defeat the design of religion, that should make us of a free, manly, and generous spirit; and indeed represent Christianity as if it were a fond, sneaking, weak, and peevish thing, that emasculates men's understandings, making them amorous of toys, and keeping them under the servility of childish fears; so that hereby it is exposed to the distrust of larger minds, and to the scorn of Atheists. JOSEPH GLANVILLE. —Dolby's School of Reform.

STRIKING AND USEFUL REMARK.

After all, the great error in human judgment is not so much wilful possession, as that we judge according to situation, and always make that situation our own: while the chances are that we really have not one thought, feeling, or habit, in common with those on whom we yet think ourselves qualified to decide. —Francesca Carrara.

BIRTH-DAYS—YOUNG AND OLD.

Trifling as one man may actually be, in comparison with the aggregate of creation, he is nevertheless of vast importance in his own estimation. He imagines his own birth, life, and death, to be events of great moment, and is desirous to shape his conduct accordingly. He notes the hour, day, and year in which he was born, and carefully watches the progress of the seasons, till they annually bring round this important anniversary—his own birth-day. I too, am a man, and possess a portion of this allowable vanity of supposing myself to be of some consequence to myself, to my family, to my friends, to my country, and to mankind. In childhood, I had my birth-day kept for me by others; I now, alas! keep it for myself. In the former period it was a very different business from what it now is. Then it was a sort of cake-making, fruit-eating, friend-inviting, music-playing, tea-drinking, careless, dancing, caressing, social scene of delight, mirth, and harmless frolic. It is now a matter of solitude, reflection, and philosophic melancholy, made up of past pleasures, present feelings, and future expectations. The reader shall hear.—I have made it a rule, in my "latter stages," on my birth-day, to give up all business, profit, study, and all other pleasures, for the purpose of spending this day in the country with a solitary individual, alone.—Myself. I generally make a point, to prove to myself that I am not getting old, to dress myself well, and to walk as much like a young man setting out to seek his fortune, as I can yet, at my ease, about twenty or thirty miles, thither and back, to some little rural town or village, with a book or newspaper in my hand. I read, walk, and think alternately or together. I am employed upon the book in hand, the objects around me, or the reflections to which they lead. In this manner I go to an inn, and take what I can get to eat and drink, hot or cold, look and talk around me a little, and begin to think of returning home, much wiser, much better, and, if possible, much happier than when I left home in the early morning.—[From an article in the *Greenwich Gazette*, describing a jaunt up the Thames to Richmond, &c. It is observable, however, that one who can enjoy himself so well must still be sociable somehow or other, and so make his one two; for if he has not a friend of another sort with him, he has his book or newspaper.]

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

ANSTER'S TRANSLATION OF THE FAUST.

Faustus, a Dramatic Mystery; the Bride of Corinth; the First Walpurgis Night. Translated from the German of Goethe, and illustrated with Notes. By John Anster, LL.D. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1835. Pp. 535.

A clever writer in the *Examiner* said some time ago in reviewing the first edition of Mr Hayward's prose translation of *Faust*, "The sacred and mysterious union of thought with verse, twin-born and immortally wedded from the moment of their common birth, can never be understood by those who desire verse translations of good poetry." This immortal union of the thought and the verse is, it must be admitted, snapt in the prose translation, as the perfect crystal is shattered into fragments by a fall. What, then, is the objection, on the ground here taken, to translations in verse? At the worst, they do not dissolve the above-mentioned mystery more completely than prose translations do. But may they not in part restore it? A great poet translates the work of another great poet. The process, it is allowed, is not the same which was undergone in the original composition of the poem, where partly the verse suggested the thought, and partly the thought the verse, each urging the other forward like two runners in a race: in the act of translating, the thought, over which the writer has no controul, must, as it were, draw the verse after it. But still, even while thus drawn, the verse may follow freely; it is deprived of its impulsive energy, but it is still the natural produce, and as it were blossoming of the thought, growing out of it as the flower does from its stem. Verse is one of the appropriate forms or vehicles of poetry; Music is another. Of some songs the words and the melody may have come into being together; and in these we may have the most perfect combination and interfusion of the sound with the sentiment. But how many songs are there which have been first simply written, and afterwards, as it is called, set to music? Is the music not still, even in the case of these, an adjunct worth the having? Does it not still add beauty and power over the heart to the beautiful and touching words? Yet our critic upon his principle would object to it, because the words and it have not been twin-born. He would say the mysterious union of sentiment with music can never be understood by those who can sympathize in a marriage of the one with the other celebrated at any other time than the moment of their common birth. It is nothing to say that the circumstances here differ from those of verse translations of good poetry, inasmuch as in the case of the latter the thought which is married to the verse has been married to other verse before—has, as it were, another wife living in another country. If we rightly understand the critic, this is not the "just impediment" on account of which he would forbid the bans. He contends that unless the verse has been twin-born with the thought, they ought never to come together. Besides, the divorce of the thought from the verse to which it was originally wedded must go for nothing with all those readers of translations (the great majority, and indeed the only readers for whom translations can be said to be written) who do not know the work in its original language. To them it is the same thing as if there were no former marriage in the case.

We would stand up for good verse translations of good poetry, in the first place, not because we would not have good prose translations too. We would have Homer, and Dante, and Goethe well translated, both in verse and prose. But as the prose translation, undeniably, though the most exact in so far as the mere words and thoughts are concerned, does strip the poem altogether of one of its most remarkable embellishments, of an embellishment which pervades its whole form and substance in the original, which

is there a constantly recurring source of excitement and enjoyment to the reader, which is so natural to poetry, that it has been adopted by it without exception in all ages and nations, and to bestow which upon his work, in this particular instance, has been no small part of the poet's labour—seeing, we say, that there is the loss of all this when the translation is in prose, we would, even at some little sacrifice of literality, recover a part of what belongs so intimately to the spirit and essence of the poem, by means of a translation in verse. The gain in the one way, we think, would be much more important than the loss in the other, if the verse translation, as we are supposing, were executed in the best possible manner.

Undoubtedly, a poem ought not to be translated, at least in verse, except by a poet. The translator's task is, not indeed to invent or create, but still to present the thoughts and fancies which are placed before him in that particular form which may preserve the most that it is possible to preserve of their original spirit and effect. The way to get the best attainable translation would be, for a person, inadequately endowed, to sit down to the work, and to use verse here and prose there, as he found that he could render the text most successfully into the one or the other. In this way we should have a verse translation only where verse had been found, by actual trial and comparison of the two, to give the whole effect of the passage better than prose. The object and endeavour throughout of course would be to produce a translation entirely in verse; but where it passed the skill of the artist to combine that ornament with the preservation of all those essentials of the poetry which admitted of being preserved in prose, he would sacrifice the ornamental for the sake even of the least portion of the essential. Some successor more highly endowed, or more fortunate, might succeed in turning into verse a passage upon which his best efforts had been exerted in vain; and thus at length a complete verse translation might be accomplished. But there would not be a line in the whole that had obtained admission without having won its place by a fair competition with the prose words conveying the same meaning, though not with the same grace and "concord of sweet sounds."

We apprehend that we may now congratulate ourselves upon the possession of nearly everything that the English reader can ever expect to obtain in the way of a translation of one of the greatest of modern foreign works, the *Faust* of Goethe. Mr Hayward, in his very excellent and useful prose translation, has conveyed the literal meaning of every sentence of the poem as precisely as the English language would allow, and with every guarantee for accuracy which could be secured by the greatest care and pains on his own part, and the criticism of many able friends both in England and Germany. We do not ourselves read German; but it is impossible to study Mr Hayward's volume without being satisfied that his translation is nearly every thing which a literal prose version of a poetical work admits of being. The notes and the general apparatus of illustration which he has appended, make his book altogether as complete an English edition of *Faust* as it would be possible to produce without the aid of verse. Still, for the reasons we have stated, we think that there was wanted in addition to this an adequate verse translation of the poem. We are sure, at all events, that few persons, whatever theory they may hold upon the point, will regret that Mr Hayward's prose translation has been followed by that now before us in verse, when they have read the latter.

Some fragments of this translation of '*Faustus*' by Dr Anster appeared fifteen years ago in '*Blackwood's Magazine*.' "I believe," says the author in his Preface, "that no part of the poem had before appeared in an English translation."

"At the time I printed the extracts, it was my intention to publish a translation of the entire drama. I am afraid to confess to my readers, that, having in

the first instance translated the passages from which I had received most pleasure, I satisfied myself with the feeling that I might at any time complete my task. The work thus postponed, as I thought, for a few days or months, was indolently delayed from year to year. Other pursuits and studies engaged my time and thoughts. I will not say that I had wholly given up the intention of throwing into order these papers, which, for the greater part, have been written for several years; on the contrary, the wish continually recurred to me, and was kept awake in my mind by the circumstance that the extracts published in *Blackwood* were every now and then referred to in different publications: such references were sometimes accompanied with the mention of my name; so that, if I did not find time or inclination to complete the translation, or if I felt myself unequal to the task, I should have yet felt it desirable to have the article in the *Magazine* reprinted. I think it, however, likely that the sort of indolence, which, when we delay letter-writing too long, affects every one of us, and which our best friends have most often to forgive, would make difficulties, which at first seemed next to none, so grow upon me as to be insuperable.

"I was in this state of mind when Mr Hayward's mention of the extracts in *Blackwood*, in the Preface to his translation, recalled my attention to the subject. The result has been the completion of my task, and the publication of this volume."

The work, as now completed, is truly a magnificent achievement. That it throws into the shade, in the first place, and makes completely obsolete and valueless, Lord Francis Egerton's previous attempt, and all the other more recent verse translations we have had of the *Faust*, clever and meritorious to a certain extent as some of these have been, no one can make the comparison without being perfectly satisfied. But this is to say very little. It adds, we have no hesitation in declaring our conviction, another to perhaps the only two supereminently excellent translations of any long poetical work which English literature till now possessed—the only performances which could be said to satisfy all the conditions of that kind of writing—namely, that of Schiller's '*Wallenstein*,' by Coleridge, and Mr Wright's late noble version of the '*Inferno* of Dante.' Dr Anster's '*Faust*' is not unworthy of being placed beside either of these.

Before submitting some specimens in justification of this judgment, we will allow the author to explain in his own words the principles upon which he has proceeded in executing his task:—

"I have, (he says) as far as I could, endeavoured to communicate the effect produced on my own mind and ear by the Poem which I have translated; how far I have been successful I am perhaps less able than the most careless of my readers to determine. I have, as far as I could, truly expressed the meaning of the original; where I have failed, it has either been from mistaking what the author intended, or from want of skill in the use of my own language. I have, in no instance, ventured to substitute anything of my own for Goethe's, or to suppress what he has written. In so long a work, a phrase may be now and then varied, an accidental image supplied, a line added or omitted—seldom for any other reason than as one of those artifices of style, of which every writer, whether in prose or verse, now and then avails himself, and which must be regarded as among the implied privileges of every person who has ever translated a sentence from one language to another."

"To verbal fidelity I can, of course, make no claim; yet I have not wilfully deviated from it. I have not sought to represent my author's thoughts by equivalents, as they are called; but if I may venture to describe what, after all, has been rather the result of accident than of any fixed purpose, I should say that I have always given a pretty accurate translation of the very words, now and then expanding the thought by the addition of a clause which does little more than express something more fully implied in the German than in such English phrases as occurred to me.—In this way it is not unlikely that I may have sometimes been misled into exhibiting some things in fuller light than was my author's purpose—dwelling perhaps on some thought that a writer of more skill might present in fewer words. I can easily imagine, too, that not being familiar with the spoken language, I may have, in some instances, fallen into the mistake which it would appear to me has deceived some of our discoverers in metaphysics, of looking for the thought rather in the etymology of the words which the

author employs, than in the meaning which they have acquired in their practical application: I may have fancied metaphors continuing to lurk, with a sort of sly meaning, in phrases originally metaphorical, but to which custom has affixed a certain application; and the low familiarity of the language given to Mephistopheles is, of course, not unlikely to create mistakes of this sort. I am not aware of the existence of such mistakes, yet I cannot but apprehend the possibility of them."

Let us now see with what ability and success the aims and purposes thus modestly stated have been accomplished.

And for this end we cannot begin better than with the beginning of the poem. The spirit and freedom with which the whole of the introductory scene, entitled a "Prelude at the Theatre," being a dialogue between the Manager, the Poet, Mr Merryman, and a Friend, is given, have not often been matched, even in original composition. It is with great reluctance that, forced by the necessities of our space, we confine ourselves to only a few selections from this splendid scene, which ought, indeed, we are very sensible, to be read only as a whole, in justice to both the translator and the author. We will endeavour, however, to make our extracts intelligible, though something of their full effect will necessarily be lost by the interruption of the connexion.

The manager begins by propounding his object to his friends in an address, in which he says:—

"I know the people's taste—their whims—caprices, Could always get up popular new pieces; But never have I been before so harrassed As now—so thoroughly perplexed, embarrassed! Every one reads so much of every thing: The books they read are not the best, 'tis true: But then they are for ever reading—reading! This being so, how can we hope to bring Any thing out, that shall be good and new? What chance of now as formerly succeeding? How I delight to see the people striving To force their way into our crowded booth, Pouring along, and fighting, nail and tooth, Digging with elbows, through the passage driving, As if it were St Peter's gate, and leading To something more desirable than Eden; Long before noon, while daylight's strong as ever, All hurrying to the box of the receiver, Breaking their necks for tickets—thrusting—jamming, As at a baker's door in time of famine! On men so various in their disposition, So different in manners—rank—condition; How is a miracle like this effected? The poet—he alone is the magician: On thee, my friend, we call—from thee expect it.

POET.

Oh, tell me not of the tumultuous crowd, My powers desert me in the noisy throng; Hide, hide me from the multitude, whose loud And dizzy whirl would hurry me along Against my will; and lead me to some lone And silent vale—some scene in fairy-land, There only will the poet's heart expand, Surrendered to the impulses of song, Lost in delicious visions of its own, Where Love and Friendship o'er the heart at rest Watch through the flowing hours, and we are blest!

Thoughts by the soul conceived in silent joy, Sounds often muttered by the timid voice, Tried by the nice ear, delicate of choice, Till we at last are pleased, or self-deceived, The whole a rabble's madness may destroy; And this, when, after toil of many years, Touched and retouched, the perfect piece appears, To challenge praise, or win unconscious tears, As the vain heart too easily believed; Some sparkling, showy thing, got up in haste, Brilliant and light, will catch the passing taste. The truly great, the genuine, the sublime, Wins its slow way in silence, and the bard, Unnoticed long, receives from after-time The imperishable wreath, his best, his sole reward!"

"Enough," hereupon exclaims Mr Merryman in his own style,—

"Enough of this cold cant of future ages, And men hereafter doting on your pages;—"

And so forth; after which the Manager rejoins:—

"But above all, give them enough of action; He who gives most, will give most satisfaction; They come to see a *show*—no work whatever, Unless it be a show, can win their favour; Therefore, by this their taste, be thou admonished, Weave brilliant scenes to captivate their eyes: Let them but stare and gape, and be astonished, Soon as a dramatist your fame will rise. A show is what they want; they love and pay for it; Spite of its serious parts, sit through a play for it." &c., &c.

Interrupted as he is going on in this strain by an objection of the shocked and disheartened Poet, he proceeds, in reply, with new spirit:—

"If a person chooses To work effectively, no doubt he uses The instrument that's most appropriate. Your play may—for your audience—be too good;— Course lumpish logs are they of clumsy wood— Blocks—with the hatchet only to be hewed!— One comes to drive away ennui or spleen; Another, with o'erloaded paunch from table; A third, than all the rest less tolerable, From reading a review or magazine."

He pursues his description for sometime longer, till the Poet at length indignantly breaks out:—

"Go, and elsewhere some fitter servant find; What! shall the poet squander then away, And spend in worthless, worse than idle, play, The highest gift that ever nature gave, The inalienable birthright of mankind, The freedom of the independent mind, And sink into an humble trading slave? Whence is his power all human hearts to win, And why can nothing his proud march oppose, As through all elements the conqueror goes? Oh! is it not the harmony within, The music which hath for its dwelling-place? His own rich soul—the heart that can receive And hold in its unlimited embrace All things inanimate, and all that live? When Nature, like a tired and stupid sloven, Twists with dull fingers the coarse threads of life, When all things, that, together interwoven, In happy concord still agreeing, Should join to form the web of being, Are tangled in inextricable strife; Who then can cheer life's drear monotony, Bestow upon the dead new animation, Restore the dissonant to harmony, And bid the jarring individual be A chord, that, in the general consecration, Bears part with all in musical relation? Who to the tempest's rage can give a voice Like human passion? bid the serious mind Glow with the colouring of the sunset hours? Who in the dear path scatter spring's first flowers, When wanders forth the lady of his choice? Who of the valueless green leaves can bind A wreath—the artist's proudest ornament— Or, round the conquering hero's brow entwined The best reward his country can present? Whose voice is fame? who gives us to inherit Olympus, and the loved Elysian field? The soul of MAN sublimed—man's soaring spirit Seen in the POET, gloriously revealed."

We cannot give the lines, in a greatly mitigated tone, with which the Friend interposes, and by which the high strain of the Poet's declamation is so artfully relieved; but his advice ends thus:—

"Hope little from the formal and the old; Frozen with vanity, they must be cold; Their sympathies are day by day diminished, Till nothing can be made of men so finished; Why they know everything, all perfect they, What could they learn from poet or from play? With them all progress long ago is ended; Try any novelty, they are offended: Self is the secret; to enlarge their range Of thought, were seeking in themselves a change: Your true admirer is the generous spirit, Unformed, unspoiled, he feels all kindred merit, As if of his own being it were part, And growing with the growth of his own heart; Feels gratitude, because he feels that truth Is taught him by the poet—this is youth; Nothing can please your *grown* ones, they're so knowing, And no one thanks the poet but the growing."

Then comes again this fine burst from the Poet:—

"Give me, oh! give me back the days When I—I too—was young— And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour New consciousness of power. Oh happy, happy time, above all praise! Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung, And found a language in unbidden lays; Unintermitted streams from fountains ever flowing. Then, as I wander'd free, In every field, for me Its thousand flowers were blowing! A veil through which I did not see, A thin veil o'er the world was thrown, In every bud a mystery; Magic in everything unknown:— The fields, the grove, the air was haunted, And all that age has disenchanted. Yes! give me—give me back the days of youth, Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance The inextinguishable love of truth, While life's realities were all romance— Give me, oh! give youth's passions unconfined, The rush of joy that felt almost like pain, Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind;— Give me my youth again!"

Translation as this is, it evidences surely no common gift both of poetic expression and poetic feeling. The great poet, as meet is, has found a poet to be his interpreter, and we, to whom his strange tongue is thus made English, receive into our ears and our hearts, with a fortune that rarely chances in such a case, both the meaning of his words and their music. Dr Anster has himself remarked that the great excellence of the outlines produced by Retzsch in illustration of this drama, tends to suggest in some things an exaggerated estimate of the merits of the poetry, and that between these and Shelley's wonderful fragment, "a finer Walpurgis Night than the original is given to us." We have been sometimes tempted in like manner to suspect, in reading his own translation, that its English may in some passages be even an improvement on Goethe's German. It is; we believe, acknowledged that in the Wallenstein, Schiller has sometimes been thus surpassed and heightened by his translator.

With Shelley's lines in everybody's recollection, it would not be fair to Dr Anster to quote as a specimen of his translation any part of the celebrated Walpurgis or May Night scene. Upon this subject the author himself says:—

"My extracts from *Faustus* were published in 'Blackwood,' before Mr Shelley had translated any part of the poem. His translations were confined to passages not given in 'Blackwood,' but it so happened, that in the progress of my intended task of translating the whole drama, I had completed the Walpurgis Night before the publication of Mr Shelley's. I do not mention this for the purpose of vindicating myself against any resemblances between Shelley's version and mine; there are none—and if there were any, this statement would be no vindication, as even while the sheets were passing through the press, I have made alterations and corrections in this, as in other parts of the poem; but admiring as I do the particular scene in Shelley, I should, had I not already translated the passage, have hazarded asking the permission of his relatives to reprint the fragment from his poems, rather than venture on a translation myself: as it is, I think it not impossible that there may be readers to whom both translations may give pleasure."

In truth, the present version must yield in poetic richness and splendour to the commencement of that by Shelley; but it is, taken as a whole, a much more accurate and perfect translation. Shelley's, which was found among his papers after his death, besides that it was written without a sufficient mastery of the German language, is evidently in the latter part an unfinished production. The blaze and grandeur of the poetic combustion extends only over about the first third part of what has been printed—to the end of that speech of Mephistopheles, never, after it has been once read as there rendered, to be forgotten:—

"Hark! how the tempest crashes through the forest! The owls fly out in strange affright; The columns of the evergreen palaces Are split and shattered; The roots creak, and stretch, and groan; And ruinously overthrown, The trunks are crushed and scattered By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress. Over each other crack and crash they all, In terrible and intertangled fall; And through the ruins of the shaken mountain The airs hiss and howl. It is not the voice of the fountain, Nor the wolf in his midnight prowling. Dost thou not hear? Strange accents are ringing Aloft, afar, anear; The witches are singing! The torrent of a raging wizard song Streams the whole mountain along."

After this, although there are many single lines exquisitely given, the strain in general is of a lower mood, and the unfinished state of the attempt is further shown by sentences and even whole speeches of the original being repeatedly passed over altogether. All this portion of the scene is certainly much more effectively given in the present translation than in Shelley's.

Another scene of revelry and riot, but of a more human character, and which is also irradiated ever and anon with flashes of the brightest poetry, the scene in Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig, is, we may here mention, most spiritedly and felicitously rendered by Dr Anster; but it is too long for quotation. Both remarks apply likewise to the glorious and heart-wringing scene with which the drama (the original drama, we mean) concludes. How could Goethe ever attempt "to continue the infinite matter of Faust," after this all-satisfying consummation? It was an attempt to stretch out Time till it should become as long as Eternity.

As one specimen, however, of the lyrical parts of the translation, we give poor Margaret's mad-song in the prison; it is, we think, most delicately and sweetly rendered:—

"My mother! my mother! The wanton woman—My mother hath slain me. My father, inhuman, for supper hath ta'en me—"

My little sister hath, one by one,
Laid together each small white bone,
'Mong almond blossoms to sleep in the cool;
And I woke me a wood-bird beautiful.
Fly away, fly away, all the long summer day,
Little bird of the woods, fly away! fly away!"

We must choose for our remaining specimens one or two fragments from some of the scenes that will better bear to be broken up and presented in parts than this. The following is part of the scene in the street, where Faustus first sees Margaret:—

“FAUSTUS (*to MARGARET passing on*).
Fair lady, may I offer you my arm;
And will you suffer me to see you home?

MARGARET.
I am no lady—and I am not fair.
I want no guide to show me the way home.

[*Disengages herself, and exits.*]

FAUSTUS.
By heaven, she is a lovely child;
A fairer never met my eye,
Modest she seems, and good and mild,
Though something pert was her reply—
The red lips bright—the cheek's soft light—
My youth hath not departed quite!
She passed, her timid eyes declining,
Deep in my heart they still are shining—
And her light spirits' lively play
Hath stolen me from myself away!

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.

FAUSTUS.
Hearken here, Sir, get me the girl; and fast.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
The girl!—what girl?—

FAUSTUS.
She that this moment passed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
What—she? she was but now at church
At her confession—I was there,
And, hid by the confession chair,
Was listening to her from my lurch.
Poor thing—she is all innocence—
Had nothing in the world to tell!
With such to meddle is not well.
Her purity is a defence,
That leaves the tempter no pretence.
Upon this child I have no power.

FAUSTUS.
She's past fourteen, if she's an hour!

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Could *Leiderlich* be worse than this?
The profligate, whose folly is,
To think each flower of beauty his.
Calls it a purchasable trifle,
And every charm he sees would rifle;
Thinks truth and honour but a name—
My friend, give up this hopeless game.

FAUSTUS.
Sound doctrine this, most reverend,
I hope your sermon's at an end:
Now, once for all, conceited fellow,
I am determined on't, and tell you,
She must, this very night, be mine:
You and I part, if you decline.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Compose yourself—be reasonable—
If in a fortnight I be able
To make out opportunities!

FAUSTUS.
A fortnight! give me but seven hours!
I want no devil to help me then,
And ask no aid from any powers,
But those belonging to all men,
To fool a child like this with ease,
And make her anything I please.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
How like a Frenchman! I regret
To see you discontented yet:
Why thus impatient? the delight
Is, after all, less exquisite
Than when with some delay and doubt,
And difficulty fenced about,
You win the treasure guarded long;
Play with the pretty thing awhile,
And toy and trifle and beguile,
And to your will the soft wax mould,—
As witness many a story told
Of true love in Italian song."

To this we add, from the next scene, the speech of Faustus when he finds himself with Mephistopheles in Margaret's room:—

“FAUSTUS (*looking round*).
How calm! how happy dwells the tender light
In this still sanctuary reposing here,
And the sweet spirit of peace pervading all,
And blessing all.—Spirit of peace and love,
I give myself to thee! Oh, love, whose breath
Is fed on the delicious dew of hope,
Be thou henceforth my life!

How round us breathe
In everything the same prevailing quiet
And neatness, and the feeling of contentment!
—In low estate what more than riches are,
And this poor cell how very, very happy!
[*He throws himself on the leathern arm-
chair beside the bed.*]

Receive me, thou who hast with open arm,
Year after year, the generations gone
Welcomed in joy and grief: how many a swarm
Of children round this patriarchal throne
Have gathered here! perhaps beside this seat—
I well can fancy it—a happy child
—Even now she scarce is more—at Christmas eve,
My love has knelt down at her grandsire's feet,
Among the children grouping to receive
The Christmas gifts, with pleasure undefiled,
Kissing the good old man I see her stand,
Her young round cheeks prest on his withered
hand.

The spirit of contentment, maiden dear,
Is breathing in thy very atmosphere;
I feel it sway me while I finger here.
The sense of neatness, felt in everything,
Speaks with a mother's voice, and bids thee spread
The little table with its covering,
The floor with clean sand crackling to the tread.
Everywhere round the hand beloved I trace,
That makes a paradise of any place.

Here could I linger hours on hours,
Where dreams and meditative thought,
And, nature, thy benignant powers
Within her virgin bosom wrought,
As day by day each influence pure,
Of heaven and earth her heart mature.
And fain would welcome forth, and win
To light, the angel from within.

Here lay the slumbering child, her tender breast
Filled with the warmth of happy life; and here
The heavenly image, on the soul imprest,
Came out, as clouds past off, divinely clean

But thou, accursed, what art thou?
What brings thee to her chamber now?
Alas! I tremble but to think,
And feel my heart within me shrink.
Poor FAUSTUS! has some magic cloud
Befooled thine eyes? thy reason bowed?
Else why this burning passion strange?
And why to love this sudden change?
Oh man—unstable, erring, blind,
The plaything of the passing wind!

And, should she now return and meet
Thee here, how would the boaster shrink
Into the coward! at her feet
In what confusion sink!"

One other passage must close our extracts. It shall be from the first Garden scene, where Faustus and Margaret converse together:—

“THE GARDEN.”

MARGARET ON FAUSTUS'S ARM, MARTHA WITH ME-
PHISTOPHELES.—*Walking loiteringly up and down.*

MARGARET.
You do but play with my simplicity,
And put me to the blush. A traveller
Learns such good nature—is so pleased with all
things
And every body;—my poor talk, I know,
Has no attraction, that could for a moment
Engage the attention of a man, who has
Seen so much of the world—

FAUSTUS.
One glance—one word—
One little word from thee, I value more
Than all the wisdom of th' world's wisest ones.

[*Kisses her hand.*]
MARGARET.
How could you think of it? How could you
kiss it?

It is so coarse—so hard—is spoiled with all work
On every day—how could it but be coarse?
My mother's habits are too close—my tasks
Are too severe.

[*They pass on.*]
MARTHA.
And are you—are you always travelling thus?

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Alas! that claims of business and of duty
Should force me to it. We feel pangs at parting
From many a spot where yet we may not loiter.

MARTHA.
In youth's wild days, it cannot but be pleasant
This idle roaming round and round the world,
With wildfire spirits, and heart disengaged:
But soon comes age and sorrow; and to drag,
Through the last years of life, down to the grave
A solitary creature—like the wretch,
Who moves from prison on to execution—
This must be bad for body and for soul.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
You make me shudder at the dreary prospect.

MARTHA.
Be wise—secure yourself in time.

[*They pass on.*]

MARGARET.
Yes!—out of sight, soon out of mind.
I feel this courtesy is kind:—
That you, who must have many a friend
Highly informed, should condescend
To speak with one in my poor station.
Of such neglected education,
—In everything so unimproved—

FAUSTUS.
Believe me, dearest, best beloved,
That, which the world calls information,
Is often but the glitter chilling
Of vanity and want of feeling.

MARGARET.
How?

FAUSTUS.
Ah! that—singleness of heart,
And absence of all artifice,
—Gifts, as they are, above all price,
Heaven's holiest blessing—should be thus
Of their own worth unconscious!
That—meekness, gentleness, the treasure
Which Nature, who doth still impart
To all in love, and lavish measure,
Gives to the child, whom she loves dearest,—
Should—

MARGARET.
Think of me when you are gone,
A moment now and then—of you
shall have time enough to think.

FAUSTUS.
Your time is passed, then, much alone?

MARGARET.
Why, yes; and then our house affairs,
Poor though they be, bring many cares.
We have no servant maid, and I
Must cook, knit, sew, must wash and dry;
Run far and near—rise ere the light,
And not lie down till late at night.
And then my mother's temper's such,
In everything she asks so much;
Of saving has so strict a sense,
And is so fearful of expense;
So anxious, so particular:
—Not that our circumstances are
So limited, as not to give
The means like other folk to live.
The property my father had,
And died possessed of, was not bad:
A house, and garden here, that yields
Something worth while, and some town fields,
Just at the gates. My days, somehow,
Are tolerably quiet now—
My brother earns a soldier's bread
Abroad;—my little sister's dead.
Trouble enough I had with her,
Yet cheerfully would I incur
Ten times the toil—so dear was she.

FAUSTUS.
A very angel, if like thee!

MARGARET.
Even from its birth, the child I nursed—
And so it loved me from the first.
Born to distress—its father torn
Away by death, ere it was born.
My mother, worn out with disease—
We long had given her up for gone—
Recovering faintly by degrees,
Came slowly, very slowly on.
She had no strength—she could not think
Of nursing it—and so, poor thing,
I reared it; for its natural drink,
With bread and water tried to bring
The creature on—and thus my own
It seemed to be, and mine alone—
Lay on my arm, and on my breast
Would play and nestle, and was blest.

FAUSTUS.
This must have been the purest joy.

MARGARET.
Yet were there hours of great annoy—
Its cradle was by my bedside:
It kept me half the night awake,
To make it quiet when I tried.
At times must I get up, to take
The little urchin into bed;
This would not do—then must I rise,
Walk up and down with measured tread,
And seek with songs to hush its cries.
Then daylight brought its tasks to me:
Ere dawn must I at washing be—
Go to the market—light the fire;
And if I felt the trouble tire
On one day, 'twas the same the next.
I felt dispirited, and vexed
At times; but I was wrong in this;
For, after all, his labour is
What gives a poor man's food its zest,
And makes his bed a bed of rest."

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